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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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## THE MAN FROM ROME.

BY MAX PEMBERTON.

Our balconies lay as close together as two peas in a pod. I used to tell myself sometimes that it would be the easiest thing in the world to step across the intervening balustrade of marble and to sit at the feet of Bianca. But then—I did not know her, and even in Italy there is a law which sanctifies other people's balconies.

I did not know Bianca, certainly; she was an utter stranger to me. It is true that there were days when we sat long, interchanging those fugitive messages which only a great sympathy can compel the eyes to speak. Then I would say as plainly as possible, "You are a pretty child, worthy of this Venice which gave you birth." She in turn would drop the needles from her hands to answer mutely, "I am perfectly aware of that, but we are strangers." At other times she would turn her back upon the house of Caldagno where I lodged, and never once the long day through remember that an Englishman had come to the Rio do San Lorenzo. Those were the moments when I decided that Bianca's hair was red and that her age was twenty.

I had been in Venice a month, sent there by a fur-sewing editor in London to describe for him the precise circumstances under which Orso Cicogna, the tool of Crispi, was to be assassinated by the workmen of the Arsenal. The errand was not a little remarkable, inasmuch as Orso was still alive and very active in reforming those abuses which Rome declared were spoiling the four thousand five hundred workmen in the ship-building yards. But we knew that such a state of things could not last. Your Italian laborer accepts no mean in politics. If he be in accord with you, he will rend the air with vivas. If he differ from you, there is the stiletto. In this case his difference of opinion with the agent of the Government was so pronounced that it did not require a deep prophetic insight to foretell the result. We were sorry for Orso—that was all. We had his obituary notices ready, so to speak; and I was sent to Venice to round off the corners, being reminded by my editor that time is money.

This is a sentiment which has always seemed to me wrong to the point of exasperation. Time which is money is no time at all. Sitting upon my balcony, with Bianca's dark eyes flashing upon me ever and anon like a welcome searchlight from the sea, I found it an absurd conclusion. And, after all, I could not hasten things at the Arsenal. Impossible for me to urge upon the four thousand five hundred malcontents the necessity of despatching their enemy quickly in order that I might finish my article and return to London; futile to assure my chief in answer to his repeated question. What are you doing? that I was sitting at the feet of Bianca. Love's labor lost can be of no possible interest to your news editor—unless it be lost in the Divorce Court.

Bianca used to come out on her balcony at ten o'clock in the morning. I do not care to be forestalled by a woman; and for that reason alone was ever at my own window at a quarter before the hour. A mere observer might have thought our mute courtesies ridiculous. She with her knitting, I with my books and letters—we bowed gravely and took our places. Had Bianca chosen the evening hour for so pleasant an occupation, it is possible that we should have bridged the distance between the balconies more swiftly. As it was, I waited a month for the occasion, and owed it at last to the wind; to a life giving sweet breeze of spring, making little waves lap against the riva of the house, casting blossoms from the gardens upon the pure air, above all blowing a paper from the hand of Bianca straight upon my balcony. Admirable wind. We were discussing the world and each other before the minute-hand upon my watch had come around again.

"A hundred thanks, Signor."  
"Per nulla. I thank the breeze Signorina."  
"You are staying long in Venice Signor?"

I drew my chair to the balustrade and leaned upon it.

"As long as my friends, new and old, remain here Signorina."

"You love my city?"

"Oh, Signorina, can you ask me that—when I am talking to you?" She blushed deeply, the color showing even under rich dark skin. In that moment I altered my opinion about Bianca's hair. It was not red, but auburn. And her age could not have been more than eighteen.

"Love Venice!" I continued presently, seeing that she had no word of answer to my compliment. "Is not that to love all the color of life, to know all the joy of life, to be carried out of the world to the island of rest? Indeed, I love Venice beyond any city I have seen, and could be very content, Signorina, to live and die here."

She shook her head doubtfully. "You think so now," she said, "but wait a month, a year. The color you speak of will be faded then; the sirocco will blow; you will be like a caged bird that would lift its wings and fly across the waters. I am in Venice always, and I know. My life is all rest, and I hear nothing but the bells and the sound of the waters. I have no mother, Signor."

She spoke pathetically, looking dreamily away to the old bridge and the green garden beyond. The role of comforter is pleasing to a man; the word of sympathy is easy to be found.

"Nevertheless," said I, "there must be many in the city to love, Bianca."

She laughed, tossing her curls back upon her pretty shoulders. "Indeed," she said, "there is only my father, and he is at the Arsenal all day. You have heard of Silvestro the Magnificent, and he is worthy of it. I have his love always—but he has no time except for his books and his papers. He goes with the sun and comes with the night. I sit here all day, and imagine what it must be to cross the mountains and the world beyond. The house is my prison, and the old dame, Nina, is my jailer."

"For the moment," said I, anxious to console her; "but you are very young yet, and the day will come when your father will take you to see the world. Who knows, it may be this year, next year—he may bring you to Paris or to my own city, London—and then. You will remember my name if you come to London, Signorina?"

She looked up at me with her pretty eyes.

"I will never forget, yet how shall I believe what you say? Oh! it will not be this year, when all the day the laborers starve and my father weeps for them, and the man from Rome grows more cruel every day. You have heard of the man from Rome, Signor?"

"I am here to get news of him?" She started at this, looking at me with a little suspicion. It occurred to me that the admirable wind had done me a second service. Perfectly possible now to write to my editor and to say, "I am sitting at the feet of Bianca hearing news of the man from Rome." And so I listened with ready ears when Bianca spoke again.

"Why should you interest yourself in Orso Cicogna?" She asked. "Have you not heard what cruel things he has done at the Arsenal? My father cannot sleep at night for thinking of them. He fears that the workmen will lose patience and kill the man who has brought such trouble upon them. Why do you wish for news of him?"

I turned the question as adroitly as possible.

"Your father's sympathies are with the men, Signorina?"

"How could they be otherwise, Signor? Is he not their best friend? For thirty years now they have called him father. Will he cease to be friend them at the word of a stranger? Do not think that."

Though he lose all else in the world, it will not be the affection of his children."

"Then he does not love the man from Rome?"

Her dark eyes flashed at the suggestion. I said to myself that if the fate of Orso Cicogna lay her hands a few hours would carry me out of Venice.

"Love him—Holy Virgin, what a thought! Yet what can he do? He is the servant of the government and must obey. All day long he asks the men to be patient, and they listen to him. Oh, Signor, if Orso Cicogna is killed, my father will be ruined, and we shall live in Venice no more."

There were tears of affection and pity in her eyes. It was sweet employment to comfort her—then, and later in the day, when returning from my habitual quest of news, I found her at sunset still upon the balcony. Admirable winds of night! It played gently with the curls of Bianca, tossing them about in its embrace until they seemed to touch my face like rain of silken thread. No longer did the balustrade thrust carved obstacles between us. She, on her side, resting her pretty arms upon the timeworn marble, I, on mine, bending down so that my lips could almost brush her ears, made that swift sudden friendship, possible only in a land where sunshine is in the heart of the people and love in their eyes. Pretty Bianca! I said then that her hair was of the purest gold, that her hand was the softest in all Italy.

"Your father has not returned, little one?"

She shook her head. "He is very late to-night," she said; "sunset should bring him back to me. Nina set supper an hour ago, and yet he has not come. I fear to think about it, Signor; I fear to ask myself what has kept him."

I took her hand in mine and laughed at her foreboding. "What could keep him but the business of the day? Was not I at the Arsenal an hour ago to learn that all was well? It is the night which makes you fear, little one. I know the feeling well—a gray light upon the waters and a gray light above. That is the time for dreaming of misfortunes which never happen. To-morrow when the sun shines you will forget it all. Let us talk of other things—of our friendship. You will remember that, Bianca?"

She answered me prettily, letting her hand rest in mine and forgetting to draw the curls of her golden hair.

"I could not forget that," she said; "you will be the friend of my father also, Signor? There is no one in Venice who does not love my father; there is no one so clever as he. All the great ships which sail out of Venice are his work. He is stronger than the King, for he has made his country great."

I had not the heart to rebuke her childish idea of Italy with a word of naked truth; and, for the matter of that, the cleverness of old Silvestro, who was one of the constructors at the Arsenal, was proverbial among those who build ships.

"Indeed," said I, "it will be a great honor and privilege to know your father. If I mistake not, yonder is his gondola. I heard the splash of an oar some minutes ago."

It was full dark now, but the light from the windows of the canal enabled us to distinguish the black shape of a gondola shooting to the steps of Silvestro's house. Little Bianca gave a cry of joy when she saw it, and ran instantly to the room to welcome her father. I saw her cast her arms about his neck, and exclaimed upon that restricting custom which denies a similar greeting to mere friendship. It would be sweet, I thought, to hold Bianca as old Silvestro then held her. And I was sure that she could not be sixteen years old.

There was but one lamp upon the supper-table at which father and daughter sat, and it was shaded. None the less it enabled me to observe closely the features of the shipbuilder for whom Venice had so great a love. A man who had attained the allotted span, I said to myself; a man with a beard so long that it covered his vest as he sat; a man of rugged force, of face slightly Greek in mould, yet feminine in the kindness of the eye. A silent man, too, answering Bianca's chatter with monosyllables; a man upon whom the cares of life pressed heavily so that he ate with no appetite but when he had tasted of the dishes set lovingly before him, came upon his balcony to drink a

glass of red wine and to smoke the cursed cheroot which Austria still sends to Venice. It was then that Bianca presented me to him—with a pretty childish formality which made us friends at once.

"Signor, here is my father; he can answer all your questions. Father, here is my English friend." The old man laughed, but I saw that his eyes were reading me closely. I was glad that pretty Bianca introduced me as her friend, and I hastened to speak to old Silvestro of my business.

"I am correspondent of an English newspaper," said I, "and I came to Venice to learn all about the troubles at the Arsenal. It seems that good fortune has made me the neighbor of one who is the best of authorities. It is not necessary to come to Venice to know the fame of Silvestro Celsi, Signor."

He laughed again, silencing me with a gesture of the hand.

"Truly," he exclaimed, "it was not necessary to come to Venice to understand our trouble at the Arsenal. Have you not laborers in your own country? Assuredly you have, and their humanity is our humanity—neither more nor less. Give them thorns when they ask for figs—and there is your problem."

"It being understood that figs are their wage."

"Exactly. I am no dutiful son of the priests; but I do not forget that the Master of all workmen taught us that man shall not live by bread alone. Here, in Italy, our children would be glad enough if their bread were assured to them. We are very poor, Signor—and the end is not yet. God knows what we must suffer before the days of our prosperity return to us. If you have any message from Venice to your countrymen, let it be this—that in our poverty we do not forget England and her friendship. And may your judgment be not hasty whatever the days may bring."

"You fear a crisis, Signor Celsi?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "He who takes meat from the dog must beware of the dog's teeth, Signor. That is exactly what our Government is doing to-day. The men are starving in the yard while the law is leading them with exhortations of patience. Does a man lend a willing ear to an exhortation like that when his children cry for bread? You know that he does not."

"In that case your man from Rome would do well to try a change of air?" I suggested.

"I express no opinion," he said, somewhat curtly, "though I pray God that harm may not befall him."

It was plain to me that he did not wish to continue the discussion, and I turned to other subjects, sitting with him until the moonlight shone white and glorious upon the canal, and all the palaces were as temples of silver and of jewels. I found, to my pleasure, that he was ready to encourage my friendship for little Bianca, seeming content indeed that she should make a friend after the custom of the English, for whom he had so great a regard. It was pathetic to witness his affection for the child, his fear that the day would come when she would lack the love he gave to her so generously.

"She has no one else," he would say, "and I am an old man. Age is very cruel, Signor, when it is linked to youth in the bonds of a father's love."

It was midnight when we left our balconies, and twelve hours passed before I saw little Bianca again. A long letter to London upon the business of the Arsenal kept me at my desk almost until daybreak. Thereafter, I slept heavily until the musical bells of the city were tolling the Angelus. A little to my chagrin, Bianca was not at her window when I opened mine as usual; but when I had read through my papers and letters, she came tripping to the balustrade and blurted out her news.

"He is coming here to-day—to-night," she cried gladly.

"You mean the man from Rome?"

"Who else should come? Have you not heard? They tried to kill him yesterday when he was leaving the Arsenal. My father says that there is only one house in Venice

which can shelter him. And so he is coming here."

"You think he will be safe at the Palazzo Celsi?"—that was the name of Bianca's house—"you think that he will consent to become a prisoner?"

She tossed her hair—it was auburn hair this morning—back upon her pretty shoulders.

"My father's house is a country," he said proudly. "Signor Orso will be as safe here as in his place at Rome."

"Let us trust so," I replied dubiously, "if only for your father's sake."

"Oh, indeed, for his sake I wish it," she exclaimed, and I saw that tears misted her eyes again. "He has not slept for three days, Signor; he left the house this morning without a word to me."

The sunlight falling generously upon the canal forbade that I should comfort her then. It was not until the man from Rome had come to her house and was held in talk by her father that she ventured again upon the balcony, and sat by me to tell me of the day's work. And while she talked I could see the other; the old shipbuilder, worn and anxious and heavy-eyed; the young man whom Crispi had sent pale and nervous, and apprehensive even in the sanctuary of Silvestro's house. Thirty years he had lived, I judged—a weak man strong in another's authority. Nor could I help but ask myself if he would ever leave Venice alive. Had not a thousand men sworn to kill him? Your Venetian does not forget an oath like this.

It was a callous view, but I began to regard this man as a hare that is hunted. There was something almost stimulating in the idea that at many a dark place, men watched, dagger in hand, to reckon with the enemy. To-day, tomorrow—would Orso Cicogna be alive then? And was old Silvestro honest in his desire to protect him? I had doubts even of that.

"I will save my people," the shipbuilder had said to me. But how were they to be saved while the man from Rome lived among them? That he would go I never believed. His great square chin and bulging temples forbade the assumption. To intellectual blindness he added a determination born of ignorance. I was sure that he would remain in the city; I was equally sure that he would die there.

It may be that in this assumption there was the keen anticipation of the journalist who has heard the view halloo. Certainly, Orso Cicogna seemed secure from danger so long as he was under old Silvestro's roof. Cowed for the moment by the attack already made upon him, he never left the house for three days; and when again he went to the Arsenal, the police boat carried him there. For my part, I did not care how long the comedy or tragedy might last. Was there not little Bianca and the moonlight upon the water and the admirable wind to toss her curls against my cheeks? And what matter if the future were dark? There were moments when I said that I would dare even to carry this bewitching little Italian girl back to England as my wife. I made mention of her in letters to my friends; began to reckon upon the possibilities and the problems of housekeeping—I who had never lived in a house when an hotel was to be found, or lingered in any city a day longer than the employment of the hour demanded. That she would return with me, I was sure. Though she protested that she would never leave her father, there was love in the protest. And the message of her eyes, spoken again and again upon the balcony, needed no dictionary to translate. She trembled when my lips touched hers—she lay still as a frightened thing when I held her in my arms.

A week passed in this pleasure of love and doubt. I began to think that I must speak plainly to old Celsi—to whom I thought my hopes would not be unwelcome. It seemed to me, when he shut his eyes to our delicious night upon the balcony, that he was blind with good intent. Perhaps he was glad that some one would take his daughter away from the trouble

and uncertainty then hovering upon his house. Be this as it may, the night was rare when he left his room to intrude upon the delights of our privacy. He, and Orso the doomed, would spend the hour in earnest indifference, as oblivious of the two who watched the dark waters outside as though they had never lived. I said that the old shipbuilder was an utter mystery. And there is but one thing to do with a mystery—it is to ask him to dinner.

The feast was to be upon the fifteenth day after I had first spoken to Bianca. I determined, after consultation with my Italian servant, Ottone, to give it in my own rooms. The man from Rome would come then and I could turn him into articles. I knew that he would not consent to dine at a restaurant, for he had become afraid of the night, afraid to show himself at the windows of old Silvestro's house lest a spy, lurking on the canal below, should shoot him as he stood. But in my room he would be safe. And Ottone was an excellent servant. Serve a dinner? He swore by St. Mark that no such banquet should have been held in Venice. I, on my part, looked forward with no little pleasure to the surprise prepared for pretty Bianca. A ring of diamonds and rubies, a rope of pearls for her little neck, burnt holes in my pocket the long day through. Would she laugh or cry when my fingers were upon the class? Would the jewels match the eyes she knew how to use so well?

We had fixed our dinner for the evening of Sunday. There had been unbroken sunshine since the dawn, a day full of the glory of an Italian spring. You heard the horcari's love-songs from many a dark waterway when night fell. There was music of bells floating over a lagoon, a vision of distant islands canopied with young leaves, of whitened mountains crowned with lustrous lights, of a horizon now infinitely blue, now crimson, now dim with the glory of the purple arcs of evening. When, at last, the sun sank below Chioggia and rolling mists settled upon the lagoon, a sea of fleecy billows was spangled with the flock of the moon's rays; a golden sea danced to the music of the wind. This was the hour when old Silvestro should have come to me. The great clock had struck eight; the flowers where white and odorous upon my table; the light fell soft upon the crystal flasks of ruby wine. We lacked only our guests.

The clock struck a quarter past eight and still old Silvestro did not come. Twice I went out upon my balcony to peer into his room; but neither he nor Bianca was there. Orso, the man from Rome, appeared to be the only occupant of the chamber. He was writing at a table when first I saw him; he was still writing when the clock struck a quart past the hour. Had he not been a stranger to me, I might have spoken a word through the window to ask of his host and of Bianca. As it was, I began to think the whole circumstance one of the strangest I had known.

Here was dinner ready to be served, Ottone ready to serve it, the candles lighted, the flasks uncorked—yet of those for whom all this was done there was no sign. I asked myself if they played some jest; I said that Bianca would come running up the stairs presently, breathless and panting apologies. The clock struck nine and still my dinner waited.

The last note of the bell had scarce gone echoing over the water when I called to Ottone, meaning to send him, for the second time, across to old Celsi's house. It was evident now that something had happened. The fact of the man Orso writing diligently at the table preplexed me. But this perplexity was as nothing to the strange suspicion and dread which possessed me when, upon calling for my servant, I had no answer. The man had vanished as mysteriously as Bianca and her father. Though the stairs echoed my summons, echo was the only answer vouchsafed to me. I was alone with the candles and the flowers and the gaudy draperies of the feast.

There are some situations in life,

situations of danger or of peril, which a man refuses to take seriously. I have known one or two in the course of a changing career, but none which seemed to me, at first though, so ridiculous as the one I faced that night in Venice.

Convinced on reflection that little Bianca had contrived a jest, and baying the poorest appreciation of its excellence, I determined to go myself into her house and to seek for her. I thought it strange no longer that the Man from Rome should be writing at his table. That was a part of their plot. I said that little Bianca was watching me when I entered the great room and walked across it to speak to him whose name was then upon every tongue in Venice. I could hear, in fancy, her sweet laughter when, standing a little way from the man's chair, I spoke to him—once.

I say once—for in truth, I had scarcely spoken the word of greeting when it changed upon my lips to an exclamation of woe and horror. In that moment I saw that Orso Cicogna had written his last letter, the hand which held the pen in dreadful derision was stiff and powerless; the eyes which looked down upon the paper would see no more; the head which had fallen forward upon the breast would never again be raised. The Man from Rome was dead, and the stiletto with which they had stabbed him was still in his body.

For some instants I stood, almost blinded by the sight of the grim figure, still and white and rigid in death. There was no sound in all the Palazzo Celsi to stir my feet or break the spell. I heard the water lapping outside, the distant cry of a boatman, the music of a voice; but in that room Death reigned and no voice answered. And then I recalled the words of old Silvestro, "I will save my people." And I thought that he had kept his promise to his children and that Venice would see him no more.

It is a year ago now since I saw Bianca Celsi. Idle to say that events of the terrible night had been blotted from my mind or that I did not think often with feelings of a deep and lasting affection of the little Italian girl whose love I had won during those happy weeks in Venice. But I had no thought of Bianca that night in March when, chancing to pass the gaunt Italian church in Hatton Garden, I felt a hand upon my shoulder and turned around to see an ill-dressed pitiful creature regarding me with wistful eyes.

"You forget me, Signor," she cried, in broken English. "Oh, but I shall remember always. Do not turn from me—we are not what you think—it was another who killed Orso Cicogna."

"Another!" I exclaimed. "Yes, yes," she said quickly, "your servant Ottone—he had a brother at the Arsenal. We did not know then—but now, God pity us, it is too late."

The woman, for such Bianca had become, released my arm and darted across the street. The dim light of evening soon hid her from my sight, but not before I had seen her take the hand of an old man who waited for her, and lead him into the shadows.

And as the woman went I shuddered to think that I had once held her in my arms.

## A Japanese Fable.

The following fable from the Japanese is a neat hit at woman's capacity for overdoing pretty much everything that she undertakes: Once upon a time a man discovered the fountain of youth. Thanks to its magic, he returned young, strong and hearty to the land from which but a short time before he had departed an old and feeble man. The first person he met after his return was an old woman, and he told her about the fountain. The woman knew a good thing when she heard it, and she at once set off to seek rejuvenation upon her own account. The next day when the man again repaired to the fountain he found by its side a few days' old babe. It was the woman. She had overdone it.



## Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

NEW YORK, APRIL 21, 1898.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 164th Street and Ridge Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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"He's true to God who's true to man;  
Wherever wrong is done  
To the humblest and the weakest  
Neath the all-beholding sun,  
That wrong is also done to us,  
And they are slaves most true,  
Whose love of right is for themselves,  
And not for all the race."

The Seventy-Ninth Annual Report of the New York Institution has just been issued. It is an octavo volume of 122 pages, supplemented by 37 full-page, and one 3-page folder, giving photogravure representations of interior and exterior scenes connected with the Institution, and embracing every phase of the daily routine.

During the year there were 465 pupils present—296 males and 169 females.

To educate these pupils in the class-room, in the Trades' school, in the gymnasium, in military drill, in the school of cooking, in dressmaking, and in floriculture, there were 43 professors, teachers, and instructors engaged.

Principal Currier's report, in the language of the Directors, to whom it is addressed, is an "able treatise on Deaf-Mute Instruction, which indicates that the writer has not only had large experience in such matters, but also possesses a well-defined comprehension of the entire subject, even to the most minute details."

From the Principal's report, we make the following extracts:

"The difficulty in giving to the child ability to use the English language, is not that he has ever seen or used signs or gestures, but the hindrance in his case consists in the fact that our language of words presents a very different form when learned solely through the eye, as compared with the form in which it presents itself to those who learn it through the ear. The mental processes are entirely dissimilar. Words without sound are but skeletons, and fail to convey to the human mind, when robbed of sound, the power and strength of thought and feeling.

"Therefore, the education of the deaf consists of far more than the teaching of the English language, although this is the great aim of the instructor, and it would manifestly be unfair to judge of a deaf-mute's accomplishments by the sole test of his ability to express himself in the English language. While he may be able to gain from the printed page all that is important and useful, so far as the comprehension is concerned, he may still be unable to clearly express himself in written language as to the value of what he has read."

"The experience of the past few years, during which it has been possible to receive children of tender age, emphasizes the fact that success in the difficult study of language will be better attained when such child is sent to school early, and when he receives the benefits of the special training afforded in the Kindergarten. The special stress that is now laid upon giving every deaf child opportunity to learn to speak, would, in itself, seem to be a sufficient reason for making the age limit four years, the organs of vocalization at that time being so plastic and amenable to systematic exercise and development as to insure better results than would otherwise be possible, were they permitted to remain unexercised for a longer period."

"From my own experience, I do not hesitate to affirm that the younger deaf child gains more knowledge at school, and acquires that the more readily, than he who begins in later childhood. To the objection that may be raised at the loss of home training and cultivation of home feeling of a child placed very early at a boarding school, I would reply that, in most cases, while the child at home is given all the devoted care that love and affection can bestow, it is losing the more valuable mental stimuli and quickening that the school affords.

I admit that it is a sore trial to the parent to have the child removed from home care at the tender age, but the advantages which follow from the early training of the mind of the deaf child are sufficiently marked to cause the wise parent to consent to the separation, especially when are considered the opportunities afforded by the advanced methods of to-day; the homelike surroundings at the school which suggest the same attention to the needs of the child that the parent loves to provide, and the fact that the child's advancement is immeasurably increased through the reception of systematic instruction at all times—instruction wholly impossible at home."

"No parent should be willing to permit a selfish love to prevent a deaf child from the enjoyment of such privileges."

"The military drill has been continued with the most gratifying results. As an incentive to renewed efforts in this direction, at the beginning of the year, Mr. Archibald D. Russell, of the Board of Directors, offered a gold medal to the pupil who should, at the close of the school year, show the highest degree of proficiency in the school of the soldier."

"The order officers have shown commendable zeal in the performance of all their duties, and have endeavored to inspire their commands with a desire to excel in military formation and evolution."

The manual training of the pupils has been carried on with zeal and judgment, and the results are a source of congratulation. The Report itself is an example of the work which the pupils in the printing office are capable of accomplishing.

### The Deaf and the Sign Language.

If there is a deaf child who can be better developed mentally and morally and rendered happier by means of speech and lip-reading than by any other method, then we advocate of the combined system who hold that child back from the better method are robbing it of its birthright; and if there is a deaf child who can be better educated by the aid of nature's language than by speech alone, then the advocates of the oral method who keep that child from the better method are committing a wrong for which they must one day answer.

The above from the *Companion* will commend itself to all right thinking educators of the deaf. If all could be brought to this view of the relative value of the two systems of education now before the public, peace and good-fellowship would reign where now is discord and open hostility. It has been too common to read assertions that one or the other system is totally without value; it is refreshing to have the *Companion* present in another aspect. Oral education has advanced too far and has too firmly established its right to a position among educational methods to be discarded at this late date. That it has its place is now admitted by all not wholly blinded by prejudice. On the other hand, even Dr. Bell has frequently admitted the utility of the combined method in numerous cases, and no doubt other exponents of pure-oralism hold similar views.

That the two systems can do much better work when acting in harmony is a proposition too evident to require argument. Such harmony can be brought about only through mutual concessions similar to those laid down in the above excerpt from the *Companion*. The day is long past when a difference of opinion as to the best method of religious worship was the signal for the slaughter of the dissenters from the established method. All churches now work to one common end, each rivaling the other in good deeds. Is there not in this "something of an inner meaning" for educators of the deaf.

### SERVICES FOR DEAF-MUTES.

APRIL 24TH, SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EASTER 3 P.M.

St. Matthew's Church, N. Y.  
St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn.  
St. Paul's Church, Paterson, N. J.  
Gallaudet Home for Deaf-Mutes, 11 A.M. and 3 P.M.  
Confirmation in St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn, April 24th, 10:30 A.M.  
Rev. Dr. Chamberlain will intercede for Deaf-Mutes.

Monthly meeting of the Guild of Silent Workers, in the Guild room of St. Mark's Church, N. Y., Thursday, April 28th, 8 P.M.

The Sale in aid of the Gallaudet Home for Deaf-Mutes was an object lesson in the ability of deaf-mute ladies to place on the tables artistic, attractive, and useful articles. The friends of the Home return hearty thanks to all who worked so faithfully for the Sale. It is hoped that the articles, not sold, will appear on the tables at the Lawn Party which will be held at the Home, on Wednesday, June 1st. Deaf-mutes and their hearing friends throughout the State of New York are invited to remember this Lawn Party by gifts sent to the Gallaudet Home for Deaf-Mutes, Wappinger's Falls, N. Y.

## ITEMIZER.

### Abbreviated News Concerning Deaf-Mutes.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent to: *The Itemizer*.

At Christ Church, Indianapolis, on Easter Day, the Rev. Mr. Mann baptized the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. McGuire.

On Maunday Thursday Evening, at Grace Church, Cleveland, O., Bishop William Leonard administered Confirmation to three members of St. Agnes Mission, presented by the Rev. A. W. Mann. On the following Easter Day, at Christ Church, Indianapolis.

### Deaf-Mute Meets Death.

CORFUS, N. Y., April 14.—George W. Mallett, who lives in the William Hall house on the south side of the Central railroad about eighty rods east of the station, discovered the body of a man near the fence in front of his house early this morning. The man evidently had been struck by a train some time during the night and thrown about twenty feet to where he lay. He had been dead for some time.

The body was identified as that of James Mcumber, a deaf-mute who lived with Charles McDonald, about two miles east of this village, near the railroad. It is not known whether he was coming toward the village or going home when he was killed. Coroner Baker of Darien has been notified. Mr. Mcumber, who was about twenty-two years of age, was a son of Andrew Mcumber of East Pembroke. He was a young man of good habits and was well liked by all who knew him.

### Rev. Mr. Mann's Appointments.

APRIL.  
21—7 P. M., Illinois Institution, Lecture on Europe.  
22—7:30 P. M., Jacksonville, Service, at Trinity Church.  
23—8 P. M., St. Louis, Lecture.  
24—11 A. M., St. Louis, Holy Communion.  
24—3 P. M., St. Louis, Service and Sermon.  
30—Evening, Cleveland, Social.

MAY.  
1—10:30 A. M., Cleveland, Holy Communion.  
6—7:30 P. M., Detroit, Confirmation.  
7—Evening, Grand Rapids, Social, at the Episcopal Residence.  
8—10:30 A. M., Grand Rapids, Holy Communion.  
8—3 P. M., Grand Rapids, Confirmation.  
9—3 P. M., Hillsdale, Mich. Special Service.  
9—8 P. M., Jonesville, Mich. Special Service.

### Deaf Mute Asks Divorce.

Mrs. Neche Gross, a deaf-mute, over sixty years of age, has begun proceedings for an absolute divorce from Jacob Gross, grocer, No. 169 Stockton Street, Brooklyn, Deseretion and failure to provide are the grounds on which the action is taken. Testimony was taken yesterday before Referee Thomas Nolan, at No. 60 Broadway.

Thirty-eight years ago, in the village of Peterkof, Poland, Jacob Gross married Neche Koltnisky. They lived together for two years, when the husband left for America. Arriving in New York, he prospered, and ten years after his arrival could call himself a fairly wealthy man. His wife never heard from him after his departure. Friends told him that she was dead and, believing himself a widower, he married again.

Two years ago Bernard Koltnisky went to Poland and returned with his sisters, Gross's first wife. She has since been living at Yonkers with his family. When she took the stand yesterday Referee Nolan asked her a few questions, but she paid no attention to him, he thought the woman had lost her reason.

Her lawyer explained that by a series of signs her brother could make her understand anything within reason. The latter was told to go ahead, and he proceeded to execute the most remarkable series of gestures and contortions that ever were introduced in any legal action. The woman explained by a duplication of her brother's grotesque actions that she had married Gross thirty-eight years ago, and that she wanted a divorce.

Mrs. Gross No. 2 was then put on the stand. She stated that, twenty-five years ago, she married Gross, believing him to be a widower. The first Mrs. Gross wants one-third of her husband's property. Under the law she is entitled to it. Her claim may lead to many complications, as Gross has made a number of real estate transfers without her consent. Strictly speaking, she had an interest in each transfer.—*N. Y. World*, April 17.

The first Mrs. Gross wants one-third of her husband's property. Under the law she is entitled to it. Her claim may lead to many complications, as Gross has made a number of real estate transfers without her consent. Strictly speaking, she had an interest in each transfer.—*N. Y. World*, April 17.

Monthly meeting of the Guild of Silent Workers, in the Guild room of St. Mark's Church, N. Y., Thursday, April 28th, 8 P.M.

### Birthday Party.

At the residence of Mr. John A. Dunlap, about twenty people assembled to celebrate the natal day of Mrs. C. B. Dunlap, last Saturday. A solid silver salver and solid silver candelabra, and many other beautiful things, composed the presents. Large bouquets of flowers were on the dining-room table, and rich refreshments were served. Every one paid the highest compliments to the hostess. Games were played and conversation indulged in till early in the morning, and the occasion was one which will be remembered by all who were present, for years to come.

## ST. LOUIS.

We do not believe that the "Garrett Grab Bill" will ever pass Congress, nor do we know any one who does; nevertheless stranger things have happened, and efforts to bring about its defeat should not be relaxed until its defeat has been actually accomplished. We hope our Pennsylvania brethren will protest against its passage in common with the deaf of other States. The \$100,000 appropriation is intended for Pennsylvania, and protests from that State would be likely to have more weight. Members of Congress are influenced by many things—not the least of which is the opinion of their constituents. When the deaf themselves urge their Congressmen to vote for or against a certain measure affecting their interests, these Congressmen will begin to think some serious thoughts. Every letter by a citizen to the Congressman of his district counts. The citizen has influence, and it is his duty to use it in promoting the good and opposing the evil.

The Social at the Memorial House last evening was quite largely attended, and a jolly good time generally had by all present. The gymnasium hall happened not to be available that evening, as the newboys had a special event and needed it. The gymnasium is the favorite place for socials, and last evening was the first time we failed to get it.

There was a large attendance at St. Thomas's mission on Easter Sunday. The mission has over sixty communicants, most of whom received holy communion on that day. Mr. A. J. Rodenberger assisted for the first time as presenter and made a very favorable impression.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Trapp mourn the loss of their infant child which died last week. Mrs. Trapp has been quite seriously ill of late. Alexander Schenck has at last successfully organized a baseball club, composed of real live deaf-mute players, and the ambition of his life has apparently been gratified.

The annual outing of the Day School pupils will be at Forest Park, ground number five, opposite the university, on Friday, June 3d. Pupils from the Fulton School will be at home June 1st, and are invited to join the Day School pupils at the Park. The more the merrier.

Invitations are out for a social by Miss Getta Baggerman, at her residence, next Friday evening. There will be no services at St. Thomas' Mission to-morrow, as the minister officiates at Decatur to-day and at Jacksonville to-morrow. The Sunday School, however, meets as usual under the leadership of Mr. Rodenberger.

We are informed that a boy, about fifteen years old, giving his name as Claude Russell and his home as at Buffalo, N. Y., and claiming to have lost his hearing a short time before, was soliciting money from citizens of Decatur, Ill., to help him reach St. Louis and enter "Mr. Cloud's School." The fellow is in all probability an impostor. Any one hearing of him will confer a favor by having him arrested as such.

J. H. C.

April 16, 1898.

## OMAHA, NEBRASKA.

There is no time in all the twelve months when Omaha is more beautiful than on Easter Sunday, nor are Omahans insensible to the delight of the balmy, vernal air.

Easter Sunday was all that could be wished for, in fact it was a perfect day.

Mr. and Mrs. Aronson entertained a few of their mute friends on Easter at their farm, which is twelve miles out of town. Those present report an enjoyable time.

The Silent Cosmos Club has been meeting regularly, the chief topics discussed being the destruction of the Maine, the possibility of war with Spain, etc. The members have petitioned the Nebraska Congressmen at Washington to oppose the Garrett Bill, and the club has already received very gratifying replies to the petition.

Miss Otie Crawford, of Lincoln, Neb., is expected in Omaha the coming week, to make a visit with friends.

Mr. Jensen is still holding a good position at the Brunswick Hotel. He hopes to be able to hold it through out the Exposition.

Miss Mary Donnelly is expected in Omaha this summer. She has been in Colorado since last June. Her many Omaha friends will be glad to see her again.

Mrs. Holloway and Mrs. Barrett, of Council Bluffs, Iowa, called on Mr. and Mrs. Compone day recently. They both are wives of professors in the Council Bluffs, Iowa, deaf school.

Little Ruth Comp, though only 2½ years old, has about mastered the sign language. She signs "like one to the manner born," and already is able to entertain deaf visitors to her parents' home.

Miss Stella Forbes will shortly take up wood carving in addition to her art studies.

Miss OMAHA No. 2.

## BROOKLYN'S PICKINGS.

Mr. Walter Schenck, of Flushing, L. I. (Borough of Queens), was baptized by Rev. Dr. J. Chamberlain, in St. Mark's Church, on Easter Sunday.

On Easter Sunday, Rev. Dr. Chamberlain baptized the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Turner, and little boy-infant of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. E. Green. A fair-sized audience saw the baptismal ceremony in St. Mark's Church.

Mr. A. J. McLaren collected \$12.75 from the deaf-mutes, and donated it as an Easter Sunday offering to St. Mark's Church on Easter Sunday. He wants to thank those who have kindly contributed.

The Brooklyn Guild made a good example by donating five dollars to St. Mark's Church. A lecture for the benefit of the Brooklyn Guild, which was held in St. Mark's chapel, on the evening of the 7th inst., was a disappointment in point of attendance. About ten visitors, besides the members, attended the interesting reading, given Mr. Thomas Godfrey. The price of admission being small, and Mr. Godfrey's well-known fame as a good sign maker failed to draw a full house. The Guild's appeal for charity was not well responded by the deaf of Brooklyn. It is a fact that when a deaf mute should find himself in need of relief, he would rush to the Guild for help, but when the Guild gives an entertainment for its benefit, the deaf-mutes stay at home. Such a spectacle would make any person's cheek blush with shame.

An enjoyable reception took place at Miss H. Henry's home on Saturday night, the 16th inst. Her many friends trooped in at nine o'clock, and after a few minutes the door being opened two men brought in an elegant bureau. Miss Henry was surprised with the nice presentation of the bureau. The movement was originated by Mrs. Fred T. Brown, who carried every thing to a success. Miss Henry was too gratified and made a few remarks of gratitude. Light refreshment followed, after which the guests enjoyed themselves till midnight.

The oldest son of Mrs. Emma V. Brown went to Lake Saranac for his health a couple of weeks ago.

Miss Gussie Harper, of Scranton, Pa., made a flying visit to this city, and staid two days last month. Mrs. S. Bayne went New Jersey, to resume her occupation last week. She has been with her daughter who was ill, but she is now improving a great deal.

RACHEL.

## THE DEAF MAN.

COURT OF GENERAL SESSIONS HAD TO GET RID OF HIM BY MAIN STRENGTH.

There was a big crowd of business men in Part I. of the Court of General Sessions Thursday, April 14th, when Clerk Hall called the name of Frank Calhoun, who was charged with maliciously breaking the plate glass of a restaurant window. The crowd was interested in Calhoun's case, for they believed he had been unjustly dealt with. They all knew the story. Calhoun is deaf. He had gone into a restaurant and had given an order to one of the waiters for something to eat. The restaurant waiter spoke pleasantly to him saying something about "war." Calhoun believed the waiter was upbraiding him for not closing the door when he came in. He had mistaken the word "war" for "door" and hotly replied to the waiter:

"You're too fresh to be serving a gentleman."

The waiter replied that he meant no harm. Calhoun, believing the waiter was giving him a tongue-lashing, told the waiter that he would stand him on his head.

The waiter called the boss of the establishment and believing they had a lunatic to deal with, they ordered the deaf man out of the place. While they argued on one subject, he argued on another. Finally the waiters in the place threw Calhoun out on the sidewalk. Then Calhoun got a paving stone from the middle of the street and threw it through the restaurant window. His arrest followed.

The crowd who had been in the restaurant on the night this incident occurred appeared in court yesterday ready to tell what they knew about the case. They had learned that it was a comedy of errors.

Calhoun's lawyer advised him to plead guilty and Judge McMahon said he would suspend sentence in the case.

"How old are you?" shouted one of the court officers with his mouth to Calhoun's ear, trying to get Calhoun's pedigree. "How old are you?"

"Eh?" answered the man at the bar.

"How—old—are—you?" roared the court officer. "How many years?"

"Twenty years?" said the deaf man, greatly astonished. "Twenty years just for breaking a window?"

"Take him away," said Judge McMahon, addressing Calhoun's lawyer; "take him away and write a letter to him telling him that I have suspended sentence."—*N. Y. Sun*.

## GALLAUDET HOME.

Some time ago Mr. W. K. Lodge, of Pawling, N. Y., called here. He is a brother-in-law of Mr. Charles Gardner, who has charge of the farm.

Mr. Sprague made a desk not long ago for a deaf-mute gentleman, residing in Yonkers, N. Y. The desk is a neat piece of workmanship, and does great credit to Mr. Sprague's skill, despite the fact that he is entirely blind.

Matron Davis is a regular attendant at chapel services on Sunday, no matter if they are conducted by hearing or deaf gentlemen, for she has got used to the sign language and finds it a great help in general intercourse with those who are placed under her care.

Mrs. Graham's sister Miss Anna Augusta Donovan, died February 17th, at a hospital in Madison, N. J. Miss Donovan has been suffering from consumption for a good while. The interment was in Weehawken, N. J.

Mrs. Fryer and Mrs. Huffcut, of the ladies committee of the Home, were called last month.

Rev. Dr. Chamberlain officiated in the chapel Sunday, March 13th. His daughter Adelaide will return to New York from Europe next August, or a little later. In a letter to a friend here, dated at Dresden, Germany, a short time ago, Miss Chamberlain said she was pretty homesick.

The marriage of Miss Amanda Schoonmaker and Mr. James Thorne has already been chronicled in the JOURNAL. They are graduates of Fanwood, and they have a farm of about forty acres, four cows and two horses with to begin their new sphere in life. Mrs. Thorne's widowed mother is living with her. By invitation, Matron Davis drove to Zion Episcopal Church at the Falls, where Rev. Dr. Gallaudet performed the ceremony in presence of a large concourse of people. He remained here over night.

A few of the inmates have been troubled with colds, coughs and rheumatism, this spring, but there has been no serious case of sickness.

Friday afternoon, March 25th, a lady and gentleman dropped in at the home. Mrs. Davis started for New York City, on the 26th, to make a visit. Her youngest son, Nelson, won a prize for good marks lately, in the shape of a diamond medal, which he will keep for a year. Mr. Davis is a member of Company C. Twenty-Second Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y.

A snow storm swept over this portion of the country on the night of the 4th inst., but now the ground is bare and the grass will soon spring up.

Mr. Sprague contributed more than half a dozen rugs to the fair in aid of the home, which came off in the metropolis during the present month. Hope a nice sum was raised from the sale of articles, etc.

On Easter Sunday Mr. C. Q. Mann preached a beautiful sermon on the subject, Christ is risen. Friend, of the home in Poughkeepsie New Hamburg and Wappinger's Falls sent a lot of good things, including groceries. The flowers were from Zion church, of which Rev. Prescott W. Everts is rector. Mrs. H. G. Gardner spent the day here.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet held a communion service in the chapel, Monday morning, the 11th.

Mr. Brewer left here on the 18th, to go somewhere in New Jersey, probably South Vineland, where he expects to stay for a while.

There are three vacancies in the women's department, but if funds were abundant they could soon be filled. Money is every thing, but hard to get.

Inquiry was made in the Baltimore correspondence to the JOURNAL several weeks ago about Mr. and Mrs. John Hogan, who were on a visit in the city. They are known to us. Mrs. Hogan was Danella Harrow Maxwell, prior to her marriage, and graduated from Dr. David Greene's oral school. Her first husband was a hearing man, by whom she had a child, but it died a few years ago. John claims Funnod as his *Alma mater*. He is a printer by occupation.

Tuesday last week Charles Oakes returned to the home for good, after repeated unsuccessful efforts to earn a livelihood.

Mrs. Nelson and family will return to Poughkeepsie next week, from New York, where they have spent a very charming winter among their many friends. They will meet with a hearty welcome on their return.

LOUISE.

Bishop Whitehead confirmed three members of St. Margaret's deaf-mute Mission, Trinity Church, Pittsburg, presented by the Rev. A. W. Mann on Sunday afternoon, April 24th.

A service for the deaf-mutes of Warren, O., and vicinity will be held at Christ Church, by the Rev. Messrs. Abbott and Mann, on Sunday evening, May 1st.

## BASILY BETRAYED.

ENGLISH TOURISTS OVERHEARD IN PRAISING SOMETHING AMERICAN.

In pardonable admiration of Mayor Phelan's "native son statue," Douglas Tiden, the sculptor, and Willis Polk, architect, were gazing at the finished work a few days, says the San Francisco *News-Letter*, when Polk noticed two men, plainly tourists from their costumes and customs, discussing the merits of Tilden's latest artistic triumph.

The architect edged nearer the critics, and at a pause in their admiring comments of the statue pointed to Tilden, unobserved by the latter.

Immediately the manner of the Englishmen changed. They were plainly chagrined that they had been betrayed into the expression of such marked approval. With a chilling acknowledgment of Willis' information, they radically changed their tune for Tilden's benefit.

Where formerly they had praised they now found only condemnation loudly and pedantically expressed, for the purpose of impressing Tilden with the apparent idea that they were heavy weight connoisseurs. "Wretchedly conceived and imperfectly executed," remarked one of the Britishers with an air of administering a solar plexus blow, by way of quickly finishing matters.

Tilden, of course, heard nothing of all this talk at him, but Willis, by the deaf-mute alphabet, rapidly spelled a few words to his friend.

"They say it is the finest thing they have seen in America," was what Polk's fingers said.

With an air of delighted appreciation the sculptor raised his hat to his critics, and smilingly bowed his acknowledgments.

The Londoners were completely taken aback. The expression of astonishment on their faces was delicious. Without another word to or about Tilden they hastily boarded the first passing "tram" for the Palace.—*N. Y. Telegram*.

## Funny Verses and Paragraphs.

From the *L. A. W. Bulletin*.  
The dew falls in the evening,  
And the leaves fall down through space,  
But the banner on the cycle falls,  
Most any old time and place.

Wheelwomen not properly attended are subject to ar-rest.

"There is no rose without its thorn."  
No hedge without its briar;  
And in some realm is born  
A tack for every tire.

When a cyclist hears his tire hissing, he knows there is trouble in the wind.

"A thorn in the flesh" is very sad,  
But a thorn in the tire is twice as bad.

While many moderate wheelmen are riding the tandem, the scorcher rides on a tantrum.

Put a tax on narrow tires,  
Till men no longer use them.  
Grant a bonus for the wide,  
Till one and all shall choose them.

It always seems as though a stretch of bad road stretches farther than a stretch of good road.

With so many cyclists crowding the rural highways, the country inns are once more in it.

During his recent brief outing in the Vatican gardens Leo XIII. came across an assistant gardener who was digging the soil. "My good man," he said, "how much do you receive a day for your work?" "Two francs, your Holiness," was they reply. "And how many children have you?" "None, your Holiness." "And does your wife also work for her livelihood?" "Holy Father," said the laborer, "I have never been married." "Then, my good man," the Pontiff said, "I shall give instructions that from henceforward, instead of two francs a day, you will receive a franc and a half, and that half a franc will be added to the wages of some other workman who has a wife and family to support."

Once when in Ireland the Solicitor-General of England, Sir Robert Finlay, Q. C., met a drover proceeding with a number of cattle to a fair in the south. "Where are you going to?" he enquired. "To Waterford Fair, yer banner." "Indeed? And how much do you expect to get for your beasts?" asked the Q. C. "Shure, an' av I get eight pounds the head I shall not do badly!" replied Pat. "Ah, that's a sample of your country!" said Sir Robert. "Now, take these heifers to England you average fourteen pounds a head." "Just so, yer banner," said Pat promptly; "and av yez were to take the Lake of Killarney to purgatory, yez would get a guinea a dhrop."



# NEW YORK.

## The Fair in Aid of the Gallaudet Home.

### ENTERTAINMENT OF THE SILENT WHEELMEN.

The Ninth Annual Dinner of the League of Elect Surds at "The Arena"—Notes from Here and There.

The Fair in aid of the Gallaudet Home, held in the Guild rooms of St. Matthew's Church, on Tuesday and Wednesday, afternoon, and evening, passed, off very pleasantly, with an attendance of quite two hundred and fifty for the two days. The rooms are quite large, therefore affording ample accommodation for the purpose. The "Domestic" booth was presided over by Mrs. A. A. Barnes, and among the many articles was a rag rug made by the blind deaf-mute, Mr. Sprague, with a loom of his own make. Mrs. Thomas F. Fox and Mrs. M. Heyman tended the "Student's" booth, which consisted of beautifully painted and artistically gotten up books, containing short articles on subjects of interest to the deaf, by Dr. I. L. Peet, Prof. E. H. Currier, Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet, Rev. Dr. John Chamberlain, and Mrs. Mary T. Peet, each of whose portraits were on the cover. These were presented to the fair by Mrs. Fox, and were the most costly articles donated. Ida Block was the charming gypsy queen who told fortunes for sweet charity's sake. Miss Virginia Gallaudet attended to the refreshment room, and disposed of her wares with a bargain-day rush. Mrs. W. H. Rose dispensed lemonade. The grocery department was in charge of Miss Howard. Mrs. E. A. Lewis and Miss Minnie Olin were behind the fancy article counter.

Mrs. W. Buhle and Miss Virginia Gallaudet conducted the arrangements, and deserve praise for their untiring efforts in the cause. It is estimated that the fair netted about \$200.

A rubber plant was voted to the Fanwood School; and a "rag" quilt to Mrs. Gallaudet. Rev. Mr. J. M. Koehler, of Philadelphia, was present Wednesday evening, as were also the local clergy, Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, Rev. Dr. Chamberlain and Rev. Dr. Krans.

The first dramatic entertainment under the auspices of the Silent Wheelmen of Greater New York, is now a thing of the past. If it does not go thundering down the ages as a great achievement for the author of the play (the only and original Alex. L. Pach), it will not be because he has not tried to do his best.

It occurred last Friday evening, April 15th, in the Music Hall of the Central Opera House, 67th Street, near Third Avenue, and considering the state of weather, which was most disagreeable out of doors on account of the rain, which began in the morning and continued all day and far into the night, the young organization, which is composed of the deaf of Greater New York, can be pardoned for feeling elated over their success. The room was just comfortably filled, and had it been on a more favorable occasion, there is no telling the number that would have been on hand.

The entertainment was delayed a few minutes, owing to the non-arrival of one of the performers.

Shortly after half past eight o'clock, the curtain rose, and the audience, then, for the first time, witnessed the production of an original two-act Kaledioscopic Farce Comedy entitled "In the Editor's Flat."

The following is the cast:

A Clippet Cutter, (Editor of the "Bazoo") E. A. Hodgson  
Scheutner Gunn, (1st Regiment N. Y. G. A. R.) T. F. Fox  
Wiglington Johnson, (Cutter's Butler) J. Black  
Borrowe Bronx, (A Trans-Harlem) J. F. O'Brien  
Furniss Kelper, (Janitor Anti-Kid Flats) A. Ekardt  
Plato Hamm, (Chief Headwaiter and Cashier) C. J. LeClerc  
All Night Lunch Wagon "Hobo-Ken" J. Black  
Walker Lott, Astrolleur, C. J. LeClerc  
Wright Upjohn, A Reporter, C. J. LeClerc  
P. McFadden, another Reporter, C. J. LeClerc  
Meekin Goode, A Young Missionary, John Stauch  
Mrs. A. Clippet Cutter, Editor's Wife Miss Margaret Tzelley  
Edith Cutter, Editor's Daughter Miss Johanna Zettel  
Incidental Music, Mrs. L. Williamson

The scene was laid in the Editor's Flat, way up on the 11th floor. As in other flats, in this Editor's flat the plumbing was out of order. The Janitor who is known to be the supreme ruler over these dwellings was prominent in the cast. At the rise of the curtain he is seen looking for a leak, the very kind that janitor's like to find. Upon the return of Mrs. and Mrs. Cutter, the wife and daughter of the Editor, the Janitor, of course, invents different stories, before he excuses himself out.

The Editor, tired and worn from his day's labor, reaches home, not

to rest, but to continue his labors at home, as he has brought with him about a dozen proofs to read, and also some MSS., which he has to go over before he retires. After embracing his wife and daughter, the Editor says: "I had a busy day of it, and I am all tired out. We go to press tomorrow and I must read lots of proofs to-night. I hope no body will call."

The editor and his family are soon comfortable seated around the dinner table, and being served by their polite (but underpaid) butler. At the conclusion of the dinner the ladies retire, and the editor is left to himself to meditate over his coffee and "Hayana."

Women's troubles cannot be compared with that of an Editor, notwithstanding to the statement that they leave easy lives, else the title of the play would have been of some Eve of the past or present generation.

Ah! poor Editor, when he was about to settle down to his work, which always must be done, first the Janitor comes in to pay his compliments and to say that he couldn't find the leak. The editor showed the Janitor the wine bottle on the table, indicating that he had found it.

After the Janitor, Walker Lott is the next intruder, who gets admittance on the pretence of being a first class plumber. Gets a square meal, cigars, etc., then gets out by a shower of bundles thrown by the now angry Editor for being thus imposed on. His good and pious friend, Meekin Goode, is also hit on entering unexpectedly. The reporters, the soldier and the politician one by one have to be entertained. No wonder the Editor looks weary and worn.

The above is only a substance of the opening of the piece. To go into details and give even a brief synopsis of the whole would take up too much time and space.

Walker Lott (A. L. Pach) was well gotten up. It couldn't have been improved, except the acting.

Scheutner Gunn (T. F. Fox) in the uniforms of Captain of the 1st Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y., played the beau to perfection; the parting between him and his sweetheart, Edith Cutten (Miss Johanna Zettel) was affectionate and at the same time very sad.

Meekin Goode (Theodore I. Lounsbury) as a young missionary was hard to beat, he personified a well-known clergyman to perfection, and for this the audience conceded to him the laurels of the honors that went to make the play a success.

During the second act, besides the laughing scene in which A. Clippet Cutter (E. A. Hodgson) figures in trying to put on his collar with the assistance of Wiglington Johnson (J. F. O'Brien), the following were rendered:

"How they do it in Boston," (the Dumb Band, of course) by Mr. T. I. Lounsbury and company.  
"What a Woman can't do," by Miss Tally and Mr. Pach.

Recitation—Star Spangled Banner," by Miss Johanna Zettel.

"At the theatre," Miss Tally and Mr. Pach.

"Fanwood Literary Association Debate"—Mr. Lounsbury presiding, and Messrs. Le Clercq, O'Brien and Fox in the debate.

Recitation—"The Modern Belle," by Mr. W. G. Jones.

"The Janitor's Song," by Mr. Ekardt and company. As the song was composed and arranged by Mr. Ekardt expressly for the occasion, I give it place here.

I am Janitor of the Editor's Flats,  
I go about chasing cats,  
In the morning when the sun doth rise,  
I go about killing mice.

Break down.

I got my apartments free,  
For my belly nothing, don't you see.  
And for all and all and all that I am obliged to swipe the flat.

Break down.

In the afternoon I go to Central Park,  
But am always home before it gets dark,  
For I have to go up every flight  
In order to turn on the light.

Break down.

Then once more every night  
I go up every flight,  
To put out every light  
And to all I say Good Night.

Break down.

On account of lack of time, "Sunday afternoon at the Fifth Avenue Hotel" was omitted, much to the regret of some who had hopes of capturing the \$10, offered for discovering a plot.

After the play most of the audience, who had not left for home, spent the time socially in chatting instead of dancing, although the chairs had been cleared away and music furnished.

The play was written by Mr. Pach, but under the direction of Mr. Thomas F. Fox. Mr. Hodgson was business manager. A good sum has been netted which will swell the treasury of the Silent Wheelmen.

On Saturday evening, April 16th, the League of Elect Surds met at the "Arena," where their Ninth Annual Inaugural dinner was held. It was well arranged, and reflects credit on the committee who had charge of it, Messrs. Souweine, Soper and Lounsbury.

It was well attended. Here is the menu:—

Blue Points  
Consomme Julienne  
Olives Celery Radishes  
Broiled Shad a la Maitred'Hotel  
Potatoes Duchesse  
Filet de Boeuf Pique a la Bordelaise  
French Peas Premutos Farces  
Cardinal Punch  
Roast Squab on Toast  
Lettuce and Tomato Salad  
Fancy Ice Cream  
Assorted Fruits  
Cheese  
Cafe Noir

The officers all responded to toasts, from the President down to the Sergeant-at-arms.

The League of Elect Surds will sail under the following officers during the next twelve months:—President, Edwin Allen Hodgson; Vice-President, Anthony Capelli; Secretary, Adolph Ekardt; Treasurer, Thomas Francis Fox; Executive Committee: Alex. Lester Pach, John Francis O'Brien and Moses Heyman; Sergeant-at-arms, Frederick Hoffman.

New life is to be put into the organization, not in enrolling new members, for with fewer true and faithful it has been found better to sail smoothly, and ere another year has rolled by, plans of its course will be known. Long may it live to uphold the true cause of its brethren as it has done in the past!

The German Deaf Mute's Club, at this meeting on April 17th, decided by an unanimous vote to abandon their projected summer picnic on account of the approaching war with Spain, which they fear might be prolonged.

Joseph D. Lever, of Ilion, N. Y. has been in town for nearly a week, and took occasion to visit nearby places. Staten Island claimed him one day, Newark and Paterson, N. J., one each, and the balance he spent in the big city. He is seriously thinking of accepting an offer to work in the Manhattan Type-writer Company's works in Newark, and has half made up his mind to take it next July. He left for home Monday evening.

Theo. S. Rose's folks will leave for Europe on May 10th, to be gone till Fall.

Excavations will commence on June 1st, on the 148th Street lots for a new church for the deaf.

George Schwing can probably claim to be the champion deaf wrestler at 140lbs weight. He has not been boasting or challenging among the deaf, but has won a medal from the St. George Athletic Club, which speaks volumes compared with any idle boast.

The New York Deaf-Mute Club will hold its picnic on Thursday, June 9th, at Wissels' Colosseum, in Brooklyn Borough.

Dr. Greene, of the oral school, is confined to the bed with pneumonia, and Mr. T. F. Driscoll, his assistant, is assuming his duties.

Mrs. L. C. Schindler is the present week with relatives in Bridgeport, Conn.

Miss Dora Labishner is in Schenectady, N. Y., for a two months' stay.

Mr. S. M. Brown was attacked with vertigo last week, and fell prostrate to the floor. His illness was brief, and he is now out again.

Mr. Frank Campbell, the veteran carpenter, is still working at his trade, though over 73 years old. A short time ago, his leg was injured by a falling piece of timber, and he had a slight touch of blood poisoning, which, however, is yielding to treatment, and does not prevent him from pursuing his daily labors.

Miss Carrie Brantigan, who has been sick at home for over three weeks, returned to St. Joseph Institution, Fordham, to resume her duties as teacher, on Monday.

Owing to the several events occurring last week, the Silent Wheelmen did not carry out their run to Bergen Point, on the 17th.

The next run, on the 24th, is to Whitestone, to meet at the East 99th Street ferry before 9 A.M.

The Deaf-Mutes' Union League's Smoker on Saturday evening, April 30th, will be a very novel affair, at which several exponents of vaudeville will appear at heavy expense, and where long clay pipes and tobacco of first class quality will be presented to each gentleman. The ladies can use their judgment whether they would be present or not, but the idea is to give them an insight of what a smoker is like, and this opportunity is within their reach. "The show is a drawing card in itself, however, and will be entirely in the hands of professionals, with a single exception. Like all undertakings, this one has received a set back, when the chairman received a telegram from one of a triplet of song and dance soubrettes, who would have been the sensation of the evening, saying that all the three actresses have accepted a twelve-week engagement with a travelling company, therefore breaking the contract to appear before the Union League. The Committee will endeavor to replace them with equally good people.

It will be the last indoor event before the hot season, sets in as far as Greater New York is concerned. A QUAD.

# STATE OF OHIO.

## An Entertainment of High Order.

### AT THE COLUMBUS INSTITUTION.

#### Other News Items of Interest

##### About the Deaf.

[New items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 903 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

The event of the week was the entertainment to the State officers, and members of the General Assembly, Wednesday evening. The preparations were most complete and the exercises in the chapel the best of the kind ever presented. Unfortunately the weather in the afternoon turned to rain, and about the time the affair was to begin it just poured down, which prevented many from coming over. However, the attendance was fair, and those who missed the exercises lost an evening of real good enjoyment.

The State Journal gives the following account of the entertainment:

The reception in honor of the general assembly and state officers at the Institution for the Education of the Deaf and Dumb Wednesday evening, was an occasion long to be remembered. Despite the inclement weather, there was a good attendance, and the exercises were thoroughly enjoyed. The proficiency shown by the participants in the exercises was remarkable, and elicited many admiring comments.

At 5:30 P. M. a reception was given in the spacious library, which had been handsomely decorated for the occasion. Those in the receiving line were Governor and Mrs. Bushnell, Mr. W. A. Gipson, of the Board of Trustees and Mrs. Gipson, Judge George P. Tyler and Mr. W. L. McElroy, of the Board of Trustees, Superintendent and Mrs. J. W. Jones and Hon. C. L. Swayne and wife. Mr. Swayne introducing his fellow-members of the general assembly to the other guests. At 6:30 the company adjourned to the dining room, and did ample justice to a delicious repast. Skillful hands had transformed the room into a perfect bower of beauty by the tasteful arrangement of potted plants and flowers. At one end of the hall the company was met by a large picture of Governor Bushnell, surrounded by the national colors. When luncheon was over, the company repaired to the chapel, where they were highly entertained by the rendition of a song prepared under the direction of Superintendent Jones and Principal Patterson. The first number was a recitation in the sign language by Clarence B. Jones, with vocal reading by Professor Harry Munday and Harry McCann. Professor Frank S. Fox, the well-known teacher of elocution and oratory, followed with an humorous selection, which pleased the audience immensely. Professor Fox declined, however, to respond to the encore. One of the best numbers on the program was the oral and sign recitation, "The Evening Prayer," by Emma J. Newman and Frances E. Ramsey. Both are totally deaf, but the former can speak orally. In response they gave the Doxology.

The next number was "Sheridan's Ride," rendered in the sign language by Clarence B. Jones with vocal reading by Professor Harry Munday and Harry McCann. Professor Frank S. Fox, the well-known teacher of elocution and oratory, followed with an humorous selection, which pleased the audience immensely. Professor Fox declined, however, to respond to the encore. One of the best numbers on the program was the oral and sign recitation, "The Evening Prayer," by Emma J. Newman and Frances E. Ramsey. Both are totally deaf, but the former can speak orally. In response they gave the Doxology.

The grand climax of the program was the flag drill by sixteen girls dressed in white, each carrying an American flag. The performance was as realistic as the graceful, and the audience enthusiastically applauded both the wonderful skill displayed and the patriotic sentiment represented. The fact that the old flag is about to be replaced by a foreign foe added to the demonstration a most impressive one. Miss Denig sang "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," and America very effectively, while the sixteen girls, with Miss Anna Lowery as Columbia, moved in graceful evolutions, keeping perfect time to the patriotic airs. Miss Lowery looked the very personification of the modesty of the republic, and her firm, decided mind and stately movements showed that she entered fully into the spirit of the part. Following the singing of the two selections above mentioned, the evolutions were continued. Miss Louise Berry, who presided at the piano during the evening, played the inspiring strains of Sousa's "The Stars and Stripes Forever." The performance was concluded with a striking tableau, the group being shown in heroic pose, with the effect heightened by red fire.

As an appropriate close of the entertainment, the audience sang "America."

Before the audience dispersed Governor Bushnell, on behalf of the guests of honor, extended thanks in a graceful and appropriate speech for the hospitality enjoyed. The governor continued amid enthusiastic applause with an eloquent reference to the war.

"We are in favor of peace," he exclaimed, "but if it is to be war, we say, let it come." (Applause and cheers.) The governor continued in all eloquence for several minutes and aroused the greatest enthusiasm. He spoke in terms of the highest eulogy of Superintendent Jones, and gave unstinted praise to his management of the institution. The superintendent responded briefly, acknowledging the compliment paid him, and expressing the desire to continue to merit the good will of the people. He then pledged the support given him by the trustees and the governor.

Among those entitled to praise for a share in the preparation and success of the program are Principal Patterson, Mrs. Lerch, teacher of physical culture; Misses O'Hara and Leggett, and Miss Anna Byers.

The members of the Reading Circle gave an "Egg party" Saturday evening, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Schory, which was quite unique in its character.

When all the invited had arrived, each person was given a small

package, which, when unpacked, proved to contain a colored egg, containing some appropriate inscription among, which were the following:

Do not touch the egg of red;  
If you do, you will never wed.

Lady, take the egg of green;  
Good fortune soon will be seen.

Wealth and happiness is with the egg of gray;  
Keep it and hide it safely away.

The egg of blue means lovers few.

Pink will bring you luck,  
A lover full of pluck.

Next on the programme was the search for the golden egg, and whoever found it, was to be awarded a prize. Miss Kitty Munnell was the lucky one, and received therefor a goose-egg-shaped china pin-holder.

Next came a contest as to who could make the prettiest design out of some colored tissue paper and card board within a limited time. Miss Biggam, with Messrs. Zorn and Charles, acted as judges, and gave Miss Cora Dickson the prize, a china vase, and Mr. George Clum the consolation prize a china match safe. There were other games during the evening, and the party seems to have spent a most enjoyable time.

Mr. Zorn seems to have been made the victim for matrimony of the party, according to their reckoning, for during the serving a spoon with a green ribbon around it was found at his plate, a sure sign that he will be the first of the party to be led to the altar.

Those who attended the party were Mesdames Schory, Kingry, Miller, and Misses Biggam, Bard, Patterson, Littell, Kingry, Dickson, Dresback, Munnell, and Messrs. Zell, Zorn, Charles Jones, and Clum.

Miss Mary Fowles, Sunday evening received the sad intelligence of the death of an uncle in Chicago, but circumstances prevented her attending the funeral services.

We learn that she will be entitled to quite a sum of money from life insurance policy held by the deceased.

At the Second Baptist Church, last Sunday evening, Miss Mary Fowles and Miss Jennie Stewart rendered in concert, by pantomime, "Nearer, my God, to Thee." It was finely recited and touched the audience greatly.

The pupils were treated to colored eggs Easter morning at breakfast, and at dinner each found an Easter flower at his or her plate. In our time, plain white eggs were the order, and as to being treated to flowers or even getting a sight of any, was not to be thought of.

The trustees held their meeting for the month Thursday. Superintendent Jones was given leave of absence whenever necessary, to make arrangements for securing a low rate fare for the forthcoming convention of teachers of the deaf. He with the steward, Mr. Earhart, and trustee McElroy, were appointed a committee to obtain an architect and plans of the new school building.

The trustees will go over to Indianapolis on the 25th inst., to inspect and obtain some ideas of the school buildings for the deaf there for use here.

The Parker bill providing for Public Day Schools for the Deaf in Cleveland, became a law yesterday. By the provisions of the bill, the State will pay \$150 for each deaf child. The city will give \$30 annually. The schools will be separated from the public schools, and a supervisor at \$1,000 per annum is to be appointed.

As regards, the Payne bill, it has passed the House and is now in the Senate awaiting to be acted upon. It was amended before it passed, increasing the attendance for the formation of a class from three to five, and also authorizing by the State Commissioner of Common Schools an inspection of the schools twice a year.

The Independents in the game with the Salvators last Saturday, were defeated eighteen to four. It came near being a shut-out, for up to the eighth inning, the score was fourteen to nothing.

News has been received here of the death of Mr. William P. Piereson, at Condit, Ohio. He was a pupil of the Institution from 1853-1860. He was a resident of New Jersey until a few years ago, when he returned to his home, caused by ill health.

Mr. A. C. Powell, of Findlay, is in Toledo, copying judgments in the Abstract office of A. D. Stewart.

A. B. G.

Apr. 16, '98.

Rev. Mr. Dantzer's Appointments.

APRIL.  
22-7:30 P. M., Auburn.  
24-8:00 P. M., Zion Church, Rome.  
24-7:30 P. M., St. Paul, Syracuse.  
28-7:30 P. M., Trinity, Utica.  
29-7:30 P. M., St. John, Oneida.

MAY.  
1-10:30 A. M., St. Luke's, Rochester.  
3-7:30 P. M., St. Luke's, Rochester.  
6-7:30 P. M., St. Paul's, Buffalo.  
8-10:30 A. M., and 7:30, St. Paul, Buffalo.

Address: REV. C. O. DANTZER,  
17 Glenwood Ave.,  
Rochester, N. Y.

# PHILADELPHIA.

## The C. L. A. in its Thirty-third Year.

### A BRIEF OUTLINE OF ITS CAREER.

#### Doing of the Deaf Briefly Told.

From our Philadelphia Correspondent.

The old Clerc Literary Association began a new term—the thirty-third—last Thursday evening, 14th of April. Unlike a public event of the kind, in which thousands of parading men with gorgeous uniforms and national emblems and bands of music playing patriotic airs, make an ostentatious display, this one was in direct contrast, though perhaps none the less sincere in purpose. On this occasion the watery element substituted the marching soldiers, and thunder (though our hearing powers may be questionable) filled the air with free music, which may be said to have equalled somewhat the noisy part of a public inauguration.

While these circumstances had no direct connection with the even, their influence upon the attendance was yet noticeable, for there was just a respectable quorum of faithful members present to witness the induction into office of a new corps of officers and to extend to them a glad welcome.

By way of comment, it is to be regretted that so little importance is attached to an affair of this kind by the local deaf, for whose welfare the association machinery is run. Then, too, it must be most discouraging to our leading deaf, who, in a spirit of disinterestedness, give a portion of their busy time for the good of their less fortunate brethren.

Being so offered without hope for compensation or personal gain, it ought to be so much the more highly appreciated. In some quarters there appears to be a lack of such goodwill on the part of prominent deaf and the sympathy goes to the masses; but in other places it seems exactly the reverse.

In our long experience with the local organization, we can give only one chief reason for this omission on the part of our deaf. It is simply over-sensitiveness. We say it with the kindest intent and wish us to be so understood. The acts of our leading deaf are often misunderstood, misconstrued and treated with unwarrantable suspicion. We do not attribute it to wilful mischief, but rather to misunderstandings. When an act is not well understood, there is a suspicion that it is meant to rob some of their rights and privileges. It is often hard for the chairman to convince some that their proposed action is inadvisable, and, as it often occurs, out of order, and when he applies the proper ruling, it is regarded by the would-be mover as an insult or scheme to deprive him of expected credit. Others, we regret to note, persist in forcing their schemes upon the association against reason. It is possible that these shortcomings may also be found in hearing associations, but we are only reasoning with those among whom we mingle. Their welfare concerns us. Our sympathy is theirs. Our labors are for them, and we look, to them only for a measure of reciprocity in all good efforts. Let us be glad for the kind, unselfish, and wise help which is freely offered us by our better-educated brethren, and we may not only have cause to be thankful, but find that our gratitude and appreciation will stimulate them to greater efforts in our behalf. How much more profitable will our association with them result than! We feel as one who has thus been benefited, and gladly own it with heartfelt thankfulness.

We should be glad to see others similarly benefited, and ask all to earnestly consider the opportunities which the Clerc Literary Association offers to them. We trust the future will reveal increased interest in the good old Association, and that all will share alike in its prosperity.

Rev. J. M. Koehler, as ex-officio Chairman, presided at the installation meeting referred to above. After a few remarks by him, the newly-elected officers were called and stood in line before him and were affirmed together.

They are as follows:

President, Franklin C. Smielau; First Vice-President, Robert E. Underwood; Second Vice-President, Edward D. Wilson; Secretary-Treasurer, James S. Reider; Librarian, Charles W. Waterhouse; Sergeant-at-Arms, John M. Wisner.

President Smielau delivered an inaugural address, in which he briefly embodied his thoughts, purposes and wishes, which was received with great interest and applauded at the finish. Then each of the other officers, in the order above given, were permitted to give expression to their feelings, and most of them merely went as far as thanking the members for

the honor conferred upon them, and the chairman humored them with the remark that those who say the least, generally do the most.

A vote of thanks was tendered to the retiring officers for the satisfactory manner in which they had performed their duties.

The President next announced the appointment of the following standing committees:

On Literary Exercises—J. S. Reider, Chairman; R. M. Ziegler, J. Add. McIlvaine, Jr.

On Library—H. E. Stevens, Chairman; Miss E. Parker, Miss M. L. Lentz.

On Entertainment—R. E. Underwood, Chairman; E. D. Wilson, Miss Dora Kintzel, Miss Katie Eisele, Mrs. Chas. W. Waterhouse.

On Membership—W. H. Lipsett, Chairman; H. G. Gunkel, Lloyd Hutchinson, Miss Katie Keen, Miss A. B. Shedy.

The following programme was also announced:

April 21—Lecture by Prof. S. G. Davidson. Subject: The Cuban Tiestion.  
22—Social.  
May 1—Literary Exercises.  
12—Lecture by Prof. J. D. Kirkhuff.  
19—No meeting on account of Ascension Day. There will be a Church Service.  
26—Social.

The Excursion Committee of the Association has decided on an excursion to the ever attractive Atlantic City, and the date will probably be July 14th. Particulars will be given later.

Mr. Ezra Jacobs and Miss Sarah J. Miller were married at Reading, Pa., by the Rev. J. M. Koehler, on Saturday, April 16th.

There will be a confirmation of deaf-mutes at Christ Church, Reading, Pa., on Sunday, April 24th, at 2:30 P. M., Bishop Talbot, of Central Pennsylvania will administer the rite, Rev. J. M. Koehler presenting the candidates, and Dr. A. L. E. Crouter will interpret the Bishop's sermon.

Rev. Mr. Koehler also presented for confirmation at Allentown, Pa., on Easter Monday, the following: William Litzinbryn, Oscar Young, and Henry Sinclair.

The child of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Bell was baptized, by Rev. Mr. Koehler, at St. John's Chapel, Reading, Pa., on Easter Sunday.

The Bible Classes of All Souls' Church, last Sunday, voted to divide the sum of \$20.00 equally between the Langford Fund, The City Mission, The Colored Mission, and the Italian Mission.

In our account of Easter at All Souls' last week we estimated that over seventy persons communed. Since then Rev. Mr. Koehler has informed us that the exact number was 105, while 17 more were fed at Grace Church, Mt. Airy, in the morning, making a total of 122 for Philadelphia.

Mr. F. C. Smielau took a spin to the Trenton Institution for the Deaf, last Tuesday, and was the guest of Mr. Geo. S. Porter over night. He tells us that he was much impressed by the efficient management and excellent equipment of the Kindergarten department, under the charge of Mrs. G. S. Porter, and votes it the best of the several others which he has seen so far.

Miss S. A. Rogers returned to Washington, D. C., this Monday. In company with Mrs. Syle, she visited the Divinity School, where Messrs. Whildin and Smielau attend, last Saturday afternoon.

Miss Bella Renney, of Delaware, who has been visiting here for some time, goes to Atlantic City to-day to spend the Summer with an aunt.

A half dozen deaf and probably more witnessed the opening game of base ball for the national championship on Saturday afternoon. They must have seen more than they expected—the defeat of the home team by the Brooklyn.

Frankie Schuster, a child of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Schuster, fell down stairs and badly sprained one of his elbows recently. He is getting along well now. Mr. and Mrs. Schuster will celebrate their ninth wedding anniversary on April 26th, in Camden, N. J.

Mrs. W. G. Kegler, formerly Miss Bella George, and a waitress in the teachers' dining-room in the old Institution at Broad and Pine Streets, is now living in Portland, Oregon. Her brother, James B. George, keeps a flourishing tonorial establishment uptown, and is thought to be the deaf-mute whom the papers refer to as "the most popular barber in Philadelphia."

He is certainly regarded as the best deaf-mute barber here.

Prof. J. Add. McIlvaine, Jr., lectures before the Deaf-Mutes' Mutual Club next Saturday evening, 23d. Admission, ten cents.

April 18, '98 J. S. R.

SIGNS



# FANWOOD.

## A Lecture on Cuba and Spain.

## THE FANWOODS WIN A GAME.

## The News of the Week in Brief.

From our Fanwood Correspondent.

At the present time, when the eyes of the whole civilized world are centered upon the impending danger, and when there is liability of open hostility between our government and that of Spain, if we intervene to do an act of humanity in helping the weak, struggling Cubans, it is interesting to note the past history of the nation that is now so much to blame. Accordingly, Prof. C. W. Van Tassel, who had been chosen to deliver a lecture before the members of the Literary Association, Saturday evening last, chose for his subject Cuba and Spain. He described the topography of the country, its climate and situation, its nearness to the two great American continents, and how it was first discovered.

The first authentic records of its settlement commenced in 1511.

In 1762 England took Havana, but ceded it to Spain in 1763.

The chief occupation is agriculture, owing to its peculiar soil and its adaptability to raising tobacco, and other important produce used for export. He then went on to describe the horrors of deeds accomplished by Spain in trying to subdue revolutions in her provinces. Among them are certain figures for damages brought against her by our government, for reprisals on our commerce and injury to citizens.

In 1819 we exacted \$5,000,000 for troubles in Florida.

In 1834, \$600,000 for reprisals on our commerce; in 1871 \$1,293,000 for injuries to our citizens; in 1875, \$80,000 for the Virginian butchery—all of which she paid. In 1825 negotiations for the purchase of Cuba, by France, were made, but failed to materialize. He then described the various Latin-American republics that were formerly the possessions of Spain, which had thrown off the yoke and assumed independent governments—namely, Mexico, Venezuela, Colombia, Peru, Chili, Ecuador, Bolivia, Uruguay, Paraguay, the Argentine and Central America—so that she now only possesses Cuba, the Philippine Islands and Valencia, yet these are all struggling as have done the others, and revolutions are continually breaking out which threaten to sever them forever.

He then went into details of the butchery done by Weyler, and how the reconcentrados were gathered together and treated in the towns of Santa Clara, Matanzas, Havana, and Pinar del Rio. Concluding with the gallant work accomplished by Maceo, Gomez, Garcia, and many other Cuban generals, and the present relief done by the United States in the way of sending food and clothing to the starving people. We are now near the close of the Nineteenth Century, and all Christian nations look upon this outrageous conduct of Spain, as the greatest horror in the annals of Christendom. Therefore it is not time that Spain get a *comp-de-dat* even at the force of arms and bloodshed?

The first ball game of the season on the home grounds, came off Saturday afternoon, and was played with the Pratt Institute nine from Brooklyn. In the opening inning the visitors were first at the bat, with Stephen Hannon in the pitcher's box, who proved too easy for the visitors, who piled up seven runs, our boys scoring only four. Afterwards Eli Ellis was substituted, and the visitors had a hard time finding the ball. At first it seemed as if our boys would be losers, but towards the close, some lively base-running and hard batting snatched victory out of defeat. Next Saturday the team goes to Poughkeepsie, where a game is to be played against the River View Military Academy nine. Below we give the score of the game played Saturday:—

PRATT INSTITUTE	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Kissam, I. F.	6	0	0	2	0	2
Braden, S. S.	6	2	0	0	2	1
Bierce, C. F.	6	1	0	0	0	0
Barrroughs, 2b.	5	2	1	2	3	1
Chipp, 1b.	5	2	1	2	0	0
Ward, c.	5	2	1	0	0	3
Beiser, 3b.	5	1	2	1	0	1
Timney, r. f.	5	1	0	0	0	0
Townsend, r. f.	2	1	0	0	0	0
Millsaugh, p. r.	5	0	2	0	5	0
Totals.	48	12	9	26	10	11

FANWOOD, A. A.	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
E. Rappolt, 2b., 3b.	6	2	1	1	0	1
J. Elfein, 1b.	5	2	2	2	0	1
J. Avena, 1b.	5	1	3	11	0	1
Muench, s. s.	5	0	1	4	5	2
Chipp, c. f.	5	1	2	0	0	0
Brown, r. f.	5	3	0	0	0	0
Dyer, 2b.	4	1	0	4	4	1
T. G. Cook, c.	5	1	1	6	0	2
Hannon, p. r.	1	0	0	0	1	0
E. Ellis, Jr., 3b., p.	5	2	1	1	4	0
Totals.	46	13	10	27	14	8

INNINGS	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
PRATT	7	0	0	3	0	0	0	1	—12
FANWOOD	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	—15

Earned Runs—Pratt 7; Fanwood 6; First on Balls—Pratt 2; Bases on Errors—Pratt 3; Fanwood 1. Left on Bases—Pratt 9; Fanwood 7. Base on balls—Millsaugh 2; Hannon 2 and Ellis 1. Struck out by Millsaugh 6 and Ellis 5. Three-base hit—Ellis. Two-base hit—Millsaugh 3; Ward, Townsend, Rappolt, Elfein, J. Avena, Muench and Cook. Stolen bases—Barrroughs, Kissam, Muench, Bachman and Elfein. Hit by Pitched ball—Ellis. Passed Balls—Ward 1 and Cook 3. Wild throws—Ward and Chipp. Double plays—Burr ughs and Chipp, Muench, Dyer and J. Avena 2. Time of game, 2 hours and 3 minutes. Unknown of Pratt Institute and W. Abrams, of N. Y. City. Scorer—H. Heardt.

In the April number, of *Modes and Fabrics* there is an article, entitled "Teaching of Articulation as a Profession," by Miss A. Dickenson, with illustrations from this institution.

Saturday evening last, Messrs. Keiser, Rappolt, Mayer and Reiff, all cadet officers, attended the drill and reception of the Barnard School cadets, at the Eighth Regiment Armory.

Messrs. Moeslein, Litchfield and Belch, were the pupils who attended the theatrical performance given under the auspices of the Silent Wheelmen. There were present also Misses Burchard, Peck, Hall and Buckingham, from the faculty.

Mr. J. T. Terry, a member of the board of Directors of this Institution, was a caller Sunday afternoon.

A new gas main is being laid in Ridge Road, and that road is to be lighted at nights. It divides the Main buildings from the Primary department.

Mr. Wm. Marshall, farmer for E. Koffman, the "Smilax King" of Walden, N. Y., called to see Mr. A. K. Petil Sunday.

Mr. G. S. Porter, publisher of the *Silent Worker*, dropped in to see friends Saturday afternoon.

W. G. SHANKS.

April 18, 1898.

## The Question of Trades.

A difficulty that confronts the management of a school for the deaf when the question of trades comes up, is how to provide sufficient work for the apprentices, and how to dispose of the finished products. There are few State legislatures which would consent to provide all the necessary materials for teaching a trade, without looking for any practical return. On the other hand, if the products of our shops are placed on the market, such apprentice work could hardly compete with that of skilled workmen. And if our work was rated lower than the market price, in order to sell, an outcry would certainly be made by labor unions against the idea of the State competing with its citizens. Altogether, it is a perplexing problem, and we should rather be thankful that our schools for the deaf are doing so much in this line, than be too critical because they are not doing more. But we are sorry that more attention is not given in our press and at our conventions to this question of the industrial training of the deaf. No question is of higher importance, for it is a question of bread and butter. If it came to a choice between an empty head and an empty stomach, we greatly fear that erring human nature would choose the former. A great deal is written and published about "restoring the deaf to society." We should like to see more said about enabling them to earn an honest living and to exist as civilized beings. The first duty of schools and teachers of the deaf is to give the boys and girls a practical education that will assure them of a means of self-support, and to give it in the most direct manner. All extras, finishing touches, mere accomplishments, etc., should wait upon this main purpose.—*Editorial in Minnesota Companion.*

When Capoul, the great tenor, was at the height of his popularity the men in Paris wore their hair a la Capoul. Once when he was traveling in the provinces he went into a hairdresser's shop to get his hair cut. "In what style will you have it trimmed, sir?" said the barber. "As it is," said the singer: "a la Capoul." "Yes, sir," said the barber submissively. He fingered his scissors. "If I might make so bold as to give you a bit of advice I should say change it, sir; it may suit the faces of some people, but it is not becoming to you."

The latest golf-story is about a caddie who tried in vain to get the job of carrying the clubs of a pompous player. When it was the latter's turn to play, he placed the ball carefully, threw himself into position, swung his club like a fore-hammer and—missed. The rejected caddie laughed joyfully. Once more the novice drove and missed, and the caddie's laughter became uproarious. At the third try the ball was dislodged from its perch and spun over the turf for about six feet. "Hi man!" yelled the caddie derisively. "I'll carry your clubs for the fun o' the thing."

In 1620 the first large copper coins were minted in England, putting an end to private leaden tokens.

## QUEEN VICTORIA.

On an average, English sovereigns since 1066, have lived about fifty-six years and reigned about twenty-three years. Her Majesty has, therefore, "put in" more than two and a half ordinary reigns.

George III. reigned fifty-nine years and ninety-six days, and of the latter thirteen days were gained on account of leap years. Her Majesty has added fifteen days to her long reign in the same way.

As regards Her Majesty's own predecessors, the only other English monarchs, in addition to George III., whose reigns have lasted as long as fifty years have been Henry III., who ruled fifty-six years, and Edward III., who reigned from 1327 to 1377. Queen Elizabeth occupied the throne forty-five years. Henry VI. was monarch thirty-nine years; for thirty-eight years a grateful nation enjoyed the benignant rule of Henry VII.; Henry I., Henry II. and Edward I. compiled a total of thirty-five years apiece; George II. guided British destinies during thirty-three years; Charles II. placed a round twenty-five years to his credit; Charles I. contrived to hold the throne for twenty-four years; Henry VII. ruled for a like period; the reigns of Richard II., Edward III. and James I. lasted twenty-two years; William I. (twenty-one years) was sovereign a year longer than Edward II. (twenty years), while Stephen (nineteen years), John (seventeen), Henry IV., William II., William III. and George IV. (thirteen), Anne (twelve), Richard I. and George IV. (ten), Henry VI. (nine), William IV. (seven), Edward VI. (six), Mary (five), James II. (three), Richard III. (two), and Edward V. (two months) make up the tale of those sovereigns whose individual reigns lasted less than twenty years apiece.

Victoria has outlived all the sovereigns who were her contemporaries when she ascended the throne, and all who began to reign between that year and 1848. Of sovereigns whose reigns began later she has outlived sixteen. She has been contemporary with five sovereigns of Prussia, four each of Russia, Denmark, Spain and Portugal, three each of Sweden and Holland, and two each of Austria and Belgium.

A writer in the English magazine *Women at Home*, recently gave some interesting reminiscences of the coronation which few persons now living remember. The writer says that on her accession the girl Queen became extraordinarily popular, and this popularity made itself felt in many ways, some of which were the reverse of agreeable.

"Mothers loved her because she was such a good daughter; girls adored her because she was one of themselves, and they smoothed and braided their hair to look like the Queen, adopted her favorite colors of pink and blue, and thanked their good fortune if they chanced to be fair, blue eyed and petite, while the tall, dark girls were correspondingly unhappy."

"The condition of susceptible young men was indeed tragic. Some shot themselves and some went mad, all for love of the virgin Queen. One gentleman of position was reduced to weeding the Round Pond in Kensington Gardens in the hope of obtaining a sight of her, and when the Queen left for Buckingham Palace he had his phaeton in readiness and drove in front of her carriage all the way to town. "He continued to make himself so intrusive that the authorities were obliged to take him in hand. Charles Dickens was one of the youths who had a severe attack of Queen fever; happily, he recovered, or we should not have received anything from his pen beyond the 'Pickwick Papers.' His youthful aberration must have come to the great novelist's memory with amusement when, at the climax of his fame, he was commanded to lunch with the Queen at Windsor, and received from her hands a copy of Her Majesty's 'Tour in the Highlands,' inscribed with the words:—'From the humblest to the most distinguished author in England.'"

"Coming to the coronation itself, one or two incidents are mentioned which most people have forgotten:—The coronation, with its various ceremonies, civil and religious, lasted more than four hours, and throughout the Queen played her part with wonderful composure. Care had been taken to provide a crown suitable for her small head, but no one had thought about reducing the size of the orb which she was required to carry in her tiny hand.

"What am I to do with it?" she asked, in concern, "Carry it, Your Majesty," replied Lord John Thynne. "Am I? It is very heavy," the Queen answered, in a tone of amazement. "However, it was too late for protest, and she obeyed the exigencies of the situation. The coronation ring had been made to fit the little finger. The Archbishop declared that by the rubric it must be forced upon a larger finger.

The result was that the finger was so much swollen that it had to be bathed in iced water before the ring could be drawn off."

Now that the Queen has reigned for a longer period than any other sovereign who has occupied the throne of Great Britain, the following incident is worth mentioning:—

Two or three years ago a discussion arose in one of the foremost clubs of London as to which were the twelve greatest women of all times. The question was so interesting that it spread throughout the club, as the latter was composed of men of every profession and possessed of every shade of opinion, the names suggested differed considerably. There was not one list, however, which did not contain the name of Queen Victoria. Even a celebrated Irish Home Ruler included her name in the list which he prepared, and when surprise was expressed at this the Irish statesman replied without an instant's hesitation:—

"Oh, of course, obviously Queen Victoria is one of the twelve."

This incident is certainly significant of the esteem in which the Queen is universally held and of the estimate generally placed upon her character and achievements.

According to one authority the crown worn by Victoria at her coronation, June 28, 1838, was valued at \$111,000, or about \$555,000 in United States currency. It was recently stated in the *London Retail Jeweller* that the value of the crown is now placed at \$1,500,000. Its weight is nearly two pounds, and of its more than three thousand precious stones, twenty-five hundred are diamonds. The sapphires, emeralds and rubies in the crown are among the most beautiful and valuable in the world.

Mr. John Carpenter, a well known citizen of Baltimore, was at the coronation of Victoria, at Westminster, and has distinct recollections of the event. He remembers the Queen as "a fresh looking young miss, with a happy, smiling face." She had clear cut features, and her portraits of the present date show nothing of the slender young girl with the graceful carriage whom Mr. Carpenter saw on that bright June morning, more than sixty years ago.

Martin Van Buren was President of the United States when Victoria became Queen. She has outlived Van Buren some thirty-five years, and has maintained cordial relations with sixteen of his successors, viz.:—Fillmore, Harrison, Tyler, Polk, Taylor, Pierce, Buchanan, Lincoln, Johnson, Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Arthur, Cleveland, Harrison, and McKinley. Of all these Presidents of the United States Victoria has met but one—Grant—and she has seen the deaths of all them except Cleveland and McKinley.

The reign of Queen Victoria is the longest modern reign with the single exception of that of Louis XIV. (1643-1716). In one sense it is longer than that of the French monarchs for it has been without a regency. If Her Majesty should survive and continue on the throne until 1910, her reign would be the longest modern one on record.

Many stories have been told to illustrate the conscientious and merciful use which the Queen has always made of her pardoning power.

"On one occasion," says a writer for the *Chicago Inter-Ocean*, "she was called upon to sign a death warrant—that of a man who had been condemned to death by court martial. The paper was presented by the 'Iron Duke,' Wellington.

"Is there nothing to say in behalf of this man?" asked the Queen, trying to vain to restrain her emotion.

"He is a deserter for the fourth time," answered the Duke, sternly.

"Oh Your Grace, try to recall something in his favor."

"Your Majesty," answered the Duke, "he is not a brave soldier, but is said to be a good man."

"Oh thank you, thank you," answered the Queen, much relieved, and dashing a tear from her eyes, she wrote 'Pardoned' across the warrant, and gave it again to the surprised Wellington."

In matters of court etiquette, Queen Victoria has always been very exacting. At her ceremonial receptions, she insists upon the observance of every detail, and the consequence is that every one in attendance has to be drilled in the observance of forms. On one of these occasions, the weather was intensely warm. Everybody was wretchedly uncomfortable, the Queen more so than any one else. After receiving the obeisances of a long line of sweltering celebrities she turned to a lady of the court, in attendance upon her, and, vigorously fanning herself, exclaimed:—

"My! Ain't I hot!"

"Yes, ma'am, you are," replied the lady, for etiquette requires that one shall not contradict the sovereign.

It shows that even the syntax of a Queen is not proof against the extremes which the clerk of the weather provides at his pleasure.

About two years ago the historic chamber in Kensington Palace in which Victoria was born, was completely renovated and put as near as possible in the same state as it was on the memorable 24th of May, 1819. This room has other memorable reminiscences for Her Majesty, for she was asleep in this room when the Archbishop of Canterbury came at the dead of night to inform her that she was no longer Princess Victoria, but Queen of England. It is not known what was Her Majesty's special object in having the room restored as it was seventy-six years ago, unless, perhaps, to keep such a room sacred for future generations of princes and princesses to visit.

Of her several estates, the Queen is fondest of Balmoral, in the mountains of Scotland, chiefly because it is intimately associated with memories of the Prince Consort. Next to her Scottish home, she is most attached to the estate at Osborne, in the Isle of Wight. In her frequent journeyings between these places and Windsor the Queen annually travels several thousand miles, to which she adds a Continental visit each winter.

Royal personages generally are fair linguists, but the Queen is probably the only one in Europe who has acquired even a good smattering of an Asiatic tongue. At the age of sixty-eight she undertook the task of learning Hindustani, in which she is said to be quite proficient. This study Her Majesty took up in order that she might converse in their own tongue with the Indian royalties who come from time to time to have audience with her.

The tradition that "the Queen never smiles" is old in England, as old as her reign. The hundreds of photographs of Her Majesty sold in all parts of the world invariably show the one expression, the heaviness of the face accentuated by the pronounced droop of the long upper lip.

But, nevertheless, the Queen does smile. A number of years ago Charles Knight, a photographer at Newport, Isle of Wight, secured a likeness of her which shows Her Majesty, not merely smiling, but broadly laughing.

How did it happen that such a likeness was obtained? In this way:—The Mayor of the city was presenting in a verbose and fulsome speech a magnificent bouquet. He had carefully committed the speech to memory, but in his anxiety to make a favorable impression with his courtly manner's his pomp and splendor of royal velvet and fur trimmed robe, medals, cocked hat and cable chains of gold, he "lost his place."

After some stammering and stuttering he suddenly shouted, "I've forgotten the rest," and stood gazing at the Queen like a stupid schoolboy on visitors' day. Then Her Majesty laughed outright, and the flustered and heart-broken Mayor dropped the bouquet and fled. While the Queen was laughing, Knight, the photographer, took the picture.

The Christmas dinner at Osborne is a famous feast. The royal baron of beef for the Queen's dinner is always cut from a high bred Highland bullock, selected from the herd in Windsor Park by Her Majesty's purveyors.

This choice cut is roasted at the great kitchen fire in Windsor Castle, and when cold is sent to Osborne, where, with the boar's head and game pie, it adorns the royal sideboard. At this glad season of the year the Queen never forgets the poor, and during times of special distress hundreds of gallons of soup have been boiled in the kitchen of Windsor Castle, by the Queen's order, and distributed among the worthy poor. It is common to hear the Queen spoken of as parsimonious, even "stingy" being the word employed to give emphasis to the popular feeling.

No great charity of hers can be recalled, perhaps, none such as have distinguished the Peabodys, Hirsches, Averoffs, and other persons in the Old World, and innumerable men and women in the New; but the thousands of comparatively small charities of the Queen have passed quite unnoticed, for literally thousands of unfortunate have reason to rise and call her blessed.

Her Majesty is very fond of music and is well versed in it. Once when Mascagni played for her through one entire evening she sat by the piano intently watching the player, and at intervals threw in remarks of cordial appreciation. Singers who have entertained her, thus, musicians who have played before her at one or the other of her homes, agree that there could be no better auditor than Queen Victoria.

She says the most pleasant and encouraging things, she does not appear to be in the least condescending, but she is an enthusiastic

old lady, who keenly appreciates good work and delights in letting an artist know that she is pleased. And she "applauds in the proper places," as Cardinal Richelieu says of De Mauprat in the play.

(To be continued next week.)

## The Crocodile's Strong Jaw.

Sir Samuel Baker, in his "Wild Beasts," says that the power of the jaws of the crocodile is terrific. Once he had the metal of a large hook, the thickness of ordinary telegraph wire, completely bent together, the barbed point being pressed tightly against the shank and rendered useless. This compression was caused by the snap of the jaws when seizing a live duck, which he had used as a bait, the hook being fastened beneath one wing. On one occasion he found a fish weighing 70 pounds bitten clean through as if divided by a knife. This, again, was the work of a snap from the jaws of a crocodile. M. Paul Bert once made experiments on the strength of a crocodile's jaws by means of a dynamometer. He found that a crocodile weighing 120 pounds exerted a force of 308 pounds in closing his jaw. The lion has on enormous jaw power. On one occasion an African traveler pushed the butt end of his gun into a lion's mouth, and the pressure of the jaws cracked it as though it had been struck by a steam hammer.

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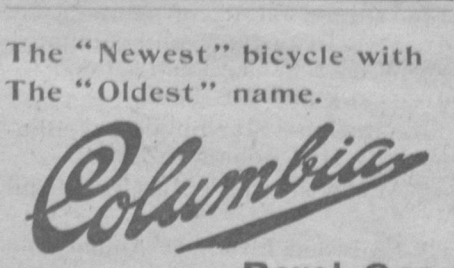
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